



CIRCA 14-71 CE

SALOME

A LITTLE STRIP OF A GIRL

SEXY SALOME stripped. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven. Slowly she dropped the seven veils that covered her. And though she was barely a teenager, sexy Salome knew just what she was doing.

Rome was filled with rabble. In this case, the rabble consisted of the local Jews. And the rabble was talking.

The rabble was talking about Salome's stepfather, Herod Antipas, the Roman governor-king of Galilee. He was cruel and unsavory.

The rabble was talking about Salome's mother, Herodias, who had left her husband to marry his half-brother, who was also her uncle—a real family affair! Such a marriage was illegal, the rabble mumbled.

Immoral, the people rumbled. Just plain icky, they jeered.

And the loudest of all the rabble was a raggedy preacher known as John the Baptist, who shouted his angry sermons in the public marketplace.

Herod Antipas was not amused. Who was this scraggly, homeless ranter? How dare the man speak that way about the governor's wife? Herod Antipas threw John the Baptist into prison in the great fortress of Machaerus.

Herod Antipas was not, however, ready to kill John the Baptist. He only wanted to shut him up. If John the Baptist was killed, he would become a martyr. Rabble without a cause is just rabble. But give that rabble a cause—a martyr—and it can quickly turn into a mob. And Herod Antipas knew that the Romans would not be happy with a mob on their hands.

Herodias had no such qualms. She'd been insulted in the marketplace, and she wanted John the Baptist dead. So she made a plan—one that would use Salome's youthful beauty as bait.

And what better place to extract revenge than at a party? Herod Antipas loved parties.

Herodias waited until Herod Antipas's birthday feast,

when all the important men of Galilee were assembled in the dining hall. After the men were full of food and alcohol, Herodias summoned Salome—who was a great favorite at court—and sent her out to dance before the men.

Dropping the seven veils that covered her, sexy Salome stripped. And she stripped well. Well enough to impress her stepfather.

Calling Salome to him, Herod Antipas promised—loudly enough that everyone in the room could hear—that he would give her anything she wanted as a reward for her wonderful dance.

This was a big decision. Salome was good at dancing, but not so good at knowing what to ask for. She went over to her mother and begged for advice.

Herod Antipas probably expected the girl to ask for diamonds, scarves, or a new slave. Perhaps even a pair of jeweled shoes. Those girly gifts might have been fine for young Salome, but they certainly weren't what her mother had in mind.

Herodias wanted something much different. And she told Salome to ask for it.

"I want you to give me the head of John the Baptist on a platter," Salome said. "Right now."

Herod Antipas had no choice but to give her what she asked for. He sent for the executioner.

Within the hour John the Baptist's head was brought to Salome on a silver salver. She carried the grisly reward proudly and set it before her mother, who only smiled.

TO FURTHER THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF HISTORY'S BAD GIRLS, OUR AUTHORS SOMETIMES DRESS IN THE CLOTHES OF THEIR SUBJECTS.



LIKE SALOME, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO ACCESSORIZE. I JUST DON'T HAVE THE SCARF GENE.



I THINK SHE WAS A CLEVER GIRL. BUT DEFINITELY BAD.

GIRL INDEED. MOST SCHOLARS AGREE SHE MAY HAVE BEEN ONLY TEN OR ELEVEN AND MANIPULATED BY CLEVERER ADULTS.



CERTAINLY SHE WAS UNDER HER MOTHER'S THUMB AND HER STEPFATHER'S AUTHORITY—A VICTIM, NOT A PERPETRATOR.



OH, PU-LEEZE! SHE WAS A WILLING PARTNER IN THE PREMEDITATED MURDER OF A MAN WHO PUBLICLY DISRESPECTED HER MOTHER.

AND WE KNOW THAT HOW?



THE BIBLE TOLD ME SO!

